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NEW YORK JOURNAL

AND ADVERTISER.

WEATHER.
FOR NEW YORK CITY:
Cooler, partly cloudy.
For New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Eastern Pennsylvania: Partly cloudy, cooler in Northern New York; variable winds, becoming southerly.
The highest temperature yesterday was 74 degrees, at 2 p. m.
The lowest temperature yesterday was 60 degrees, at 9 a. m.



NO. 5,778.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1898.—Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA STABBED TO THE HEART. KILLED BY AN ITALIAN ANARCHIST IN GENEVA.

"I HAVE STRUCK WELL."
Words of the Assassin.

Murderer Says He Left
Paris for the Sole Pur-
pose of Killing Her.

The Assassin Strikes but One
Blow with a Stiletto
Made from a File.

Her Majesty Falls, Struggles
to Her Feet, Then Loses
Consciousness.

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Special Cable Dispatch.

From a Staff Correspondent.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, Sept. 10.—Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, was assassinated at about 2 o'clock this afternoon as she was walking from the Hotel Beaurivage, where she had been luncheon, to the steamboat dock, where she intended taking a small steamer to go to the Castle Chillon, at Territet.

She was accompanied only by some ladies of her suite, as she delighted to go about incognito.

As the Empress was passing the Brunswick monument a man rushed at her and struck her a violent blow in the chest, which knocked her to the ground. The ladies of her suite picked her up, and with the aid of some persons near by carried her to the boat, while her assailant ran away.

Discovery of the Fatal Wound.

The Empress was unconscious and the captain of the steamer did not wish to start, but on the insistence of the ladies in attendance, who thought the Empress had only been rudely knocked down, he put the steamer under way. After endeavoring for some time to bring the Empress back to consciousness the ladies in attendance were horrified to discover a little stain of blood on her under-garment. The boat was at once put about and returned to the dock.

The Empress was carried on an improvised litter to the hotel. Dr. Golay and the Mayor were called, and everything possible was done to save Her Majesty, but she expired at 3 o'clock without regaining consciousness.

An examination showed that she had been stabbed to the heart with a three-cornered stiletto.

After dealing his death blow the assassin ran along the Rue Alps, but was caught by two coachmen, who handed him over to a gendarme.

He proved to be an Italian Anarchist named Luccheni, from Paris. When arrested he exclaimed:

"I have struck well. She must be dead. I purposely came to Geneva to assassinate her."

The Empress had been staying at Montcaux, near Geneva.

The stiletto used by the assassin was fashioned out of a file.

While Europe rings at the news and words of vengeance are uttered on all hands, the assassin laughs in a security known to few, if any, regicides in history. There is no capital punishment in the Swiss code.

Even for killing an Empress Luccheni cannot, under the laws of this republic, suffer anything more severe than a lifetime's imprisonment. This is assuming that extraordinary measures are not taken by the Government, inspired by international sympathy and international pressure, to visit vengeance on the murderer, regardless of the laws of the canton in which the crime was committed. This question will be decided at an extraordinary Federal Council to be held at Berne tomorrow morning.

Was Travelling Incognito.

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Her Majesty was visiting Geneva for pleasure, accompanied by her suite. She was travelling incognito, a transparent device by which royalty escapes ceremony, but does not expect to escape recognition.

Beloved by all Europe and saturated with love of nature and of classic tradition, it was not wonderful that the aged and somewhat eccentric Empress should pay a visit to the historic lake and city.

The Federal authorities had been notified of Her Majesty's coming to Switzerland, and from Berne, the capital, had issued instructions to the Governors of the Cantons through which the Empress was to travel to take special precautions for her comfort and safety. It was not known at Berne, however, that Her Majesty would go to the city



Elizabeth Amelia Eugenie, Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary.

BORN DECEMBER 24, 1837; MARRIED APRIL 24, 1854; ASSASSINATED SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.
This picture is a reproduction of the celebrated painting by Hans Makart. There are no photographs in existence of the Empress, for owing to a singular superstition she could never be induced to pose before the camera. The painted portraits of her are also but few in number.

Will Murderer Cheat the Gal-
lows? No Capital Punish-
ment in Swiss Code.

Vienna in a Frenzy of Grief;
Wailing Men and Women
Cry for Vengeance.

of Geneva. Indeed, her incognito there was singularly complete, for even the local officials were unaware of her presence.

It has been learned since the crime that yesterday, while the stately old woman was making a shopping tour, a boatman observed her, struck by her regal demeanor and the traces of beauty in her wasted features, and noticed that she was followed by three persons. Whether one of these was the assassin remains to be seen.

Gloried in His Crime.

Long before her death the identity of the Anarchist's victim was widely known, and the telegraph wires were conveying bulletins to every Court in Europe. While eager crowds of Swiss surrounded the hotel, weeping their grief and shame at such an occurrence within their borders, a priest administered extreme unction to the Empress.

An eyewitness of the assassination says that as the Italian was taken to the station he said boastfully: "Yes, I did it." And he sang as he walked along between his captors, "She must be dead," several times.

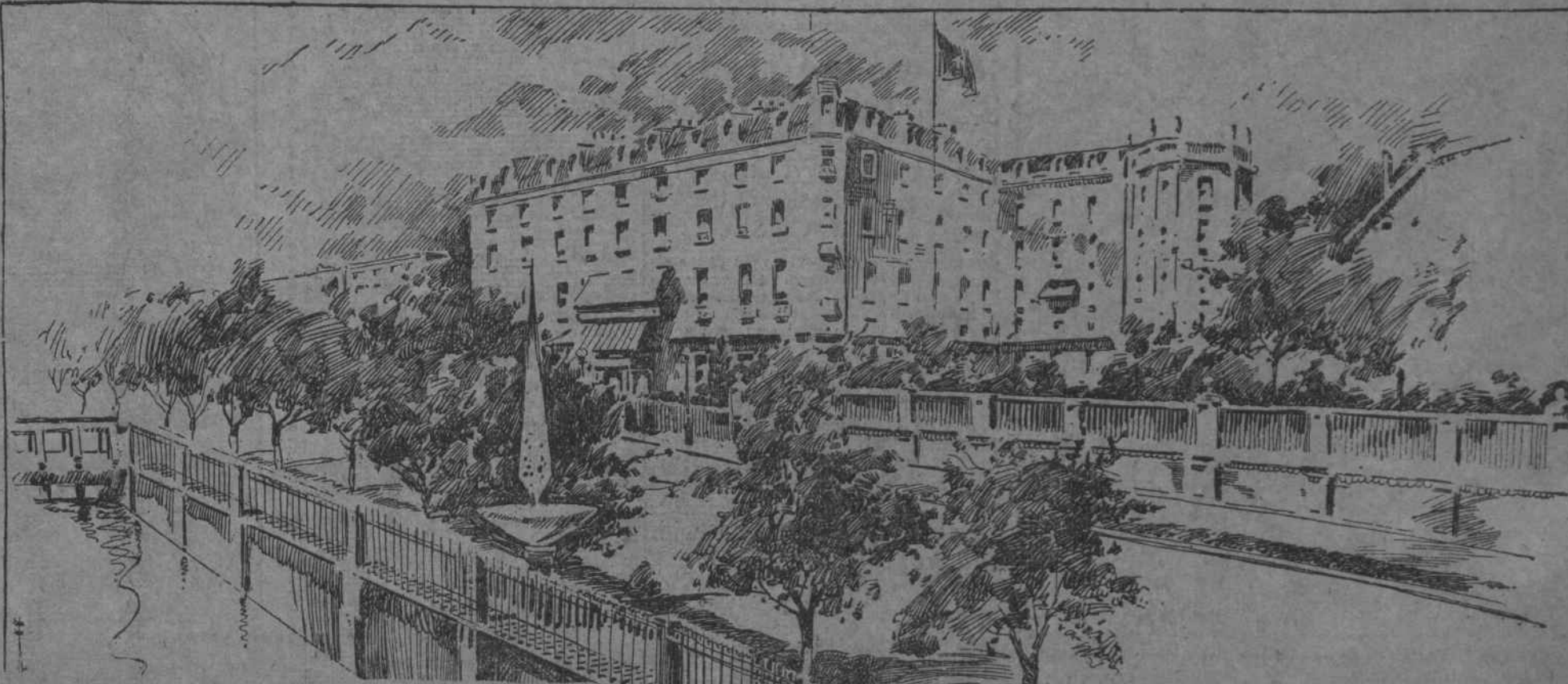
Interrogated in the police station, the prisoner said: "Who am I? I am an Anarchist—a starving Anarchist. 'Ah, then, you hate mankind!' exclaimed the Commissary. "No," was the reply. "I have no hatred for the poor—only for the rich."

After that he became less loquacious. Taken to court and examined by a Magistrate, in the presence of the police and three members of the local government, he remained silent, indicating by dumb show that he knew no French, which was false.

Only by documents found in his pockets was his name learned. These showed, too, that he was born in Paris, of Italian parents in 1873, and served in the Italian Army.

After the examination the Magistrate and all the municipal officials paid a visit to the Hotel Beaurivage, as a token of respect to the murdered Empress. The municipal flag on the Hotel de Ville had been lowered to half mast. So had every flag in the city. Many of the shops were closed. The populace were in the streets, snatching at extra editions of the newspapers, and uttering expressions of grief.

Count Kuofstein, the Austrian Minister, came from Berne as quickly as a special train could carry him, after being greeted with words of the deepest sympathy at the residence of the President. He was accompanied on his journey by the Deputy Prosecutor-General, whose chief was away on a vacation. While Count Kuofstein took formal charge of the body of the Empress, in the name of his master,



Grand Hotel, Beau Rivage, Geneva, in Front of Which the Empress of Austria Was Assassinated Yesterday.